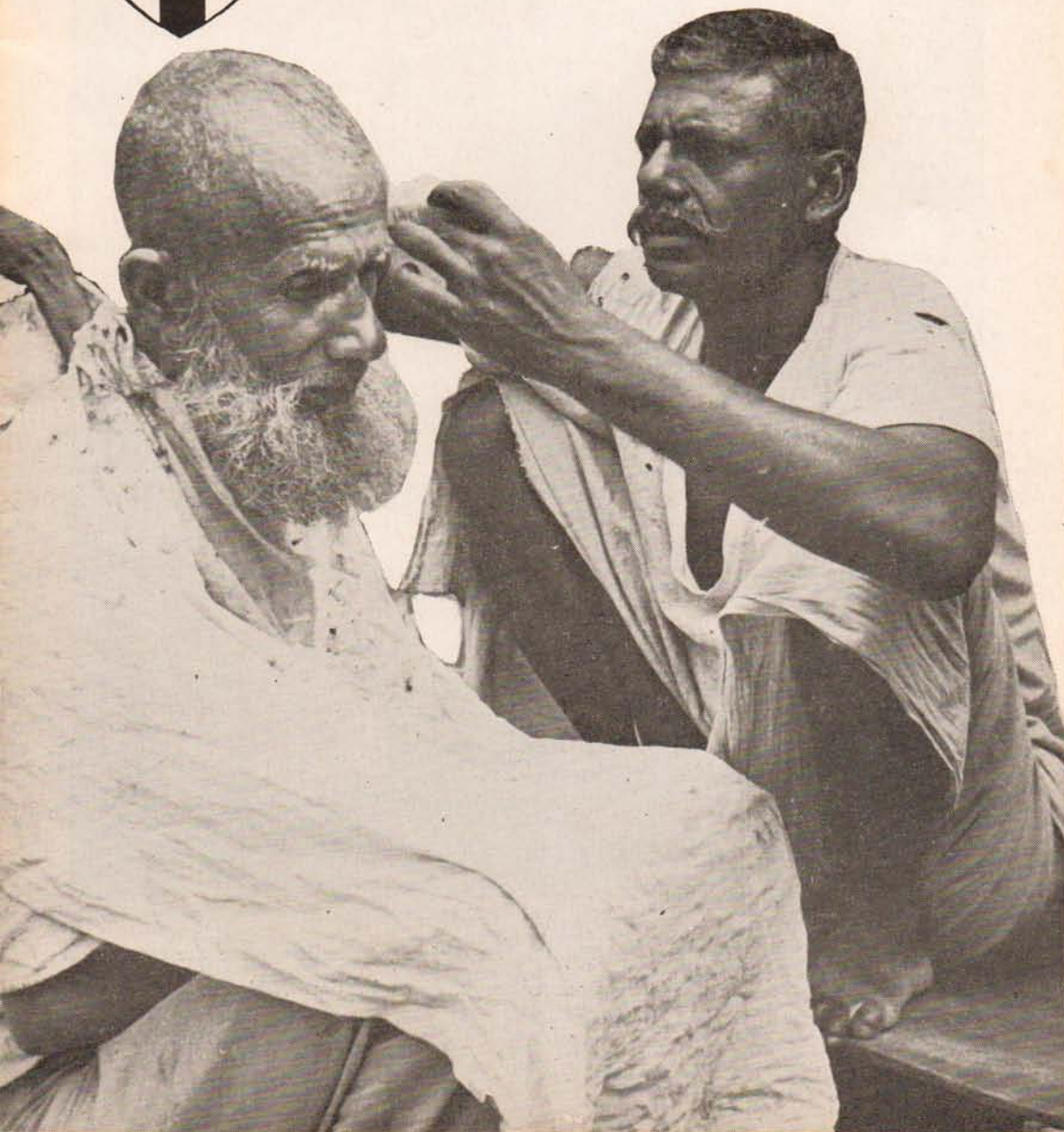


Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—



DECEMBER
1959





ANCIENT PAGODA in Kunming. Old China hands will recall that it was on the same street as the post office, and housed the telephone exchange. Photo by Jim Wilkinson.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 13, No. 10

December, 1959

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Laurens, Iowa

Letter FROM The Editors . . .

● **Officers and members** of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association are to be congratulated on the recent presentation of a plaque to the Trophy Room of Arlington National Cemetery. It provides official recognition to those who lost their lives in CBI, and to CBI veterans who have passed on during the post-war years.

● **With so many** of the larger veterans' groups reporting a decline in membership, we're happy to note a steadily increasing growth in the CBI field. Both Ex-CBI Roundup and the CBI Veterans Assn. show an increase in subscriptions and members respectively during the past year.

● **Cover picture** should bring back memories to any GI who served in India during World War II. Every American stopped more than once to watch a sidewalk barber at work, yet few actually tried one. As you recall, they shaved "dry" or sometimes with a little water, but never with lather! Photo by Joel H. Springer, Jr.

● **It's been** a long time since Roundup has published a Unit History. Reason: It's been a long time since anyone has sent one to us. If you're holding a history of your own unit, loan it to Roundup for publication. It may be possible to obtain suitable photos to illustrate from the Pentagon.

● **For new readers** and old ones who have changed cars, we still have a supply of the colorful CBI-patch window decals. Send 5 cents for each decal wanted, and be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



Flying Tigers Article

● Sure enjoyed the Flying Tigers article by General Scott in the November issue. Ever since his famous book, "God Is My Co-Pilot," Scott's name has been synonymous with CBI.

GEORGE BRISSON,
Tampa, Fla.

Indispensable Scott?

● General Scott's article in last issue was good reading, but somehow in reading between the lines I got the impression that Scott really thinks he is most indispensable.

MORRIS GOODMAN,
New York, N. Y.

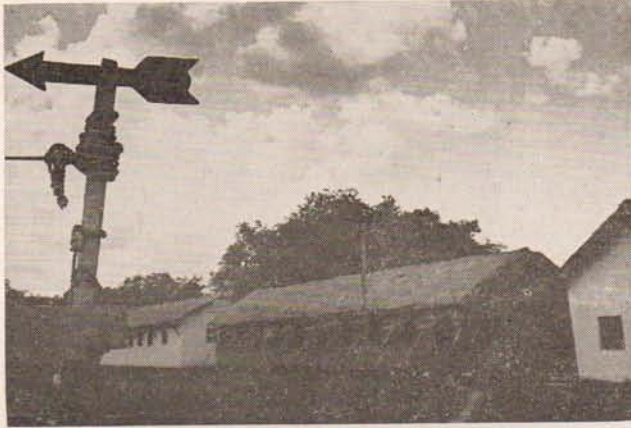
Northern California

● Anyone in northern California interested in joining our General George W. Sliney Basha, or perhaps just interested in receiving our mailings, is invited to contact me at the address below or write Ray Kirkpatrick, 293 Pope Street, San Francisco 12, Calif.

JOEL H. SPRINGER, Jr.
7 Front Street
San Francisco 11, Calif.



NATIVE OXCART has American GI driver in this photo taken near Ramgarh, India, in 1944 by George J. Johns.



MONSOON clouds gather over Camp Kanchrapara, near Calcutta. Photo by Joel H. Springer, Jr.

Fighting 19th

● Here is Slap-Happy Chappie from the Fighting 19th (19th Base Post Office, that is) still bragging on your fine magazine. I have told a good many ex-CBI wallahs about it, and hope that some of them find their way onto your subscription list. On page 4 of your July issue, you published a photograph showing American troops "going home," boarding a ship at Shanghai in 1945, photo by Clinton Staples. Unless my fast-aging eyes deceive me, I recognize the first GI in line with the barracks bag on his shoulder as myself, and the next big, burly guy in front of him as Walter L. King of Denver. We were boarding the U. S. S. Hocking, APA 126, in Shanghai on November 10.

JAMES R. CHAPMAN,
Lubbock, Tex.

Iowa Meeting Planned

● The 1960 spring meeting of the Carl F. Moerschel Basha will be held in Waterloo, Iowa, the first Saturday after Easter, April 27. Robert Fink and Herman Vesting of Tripoli and A. A. Graff of Waterloo are in charge of arrangements.

HENRY HERTEL,
Iowa Basha Cmdr.
South Amana, Iowa

CBI-ers Know Poverty

● Bishop Ensley hit the nail on the head in his statement quoted in your June issue: "If anyone thinks he has ever witnessed poverty let him make the acquaintance with the misery of just one Indian city street." Only a CBI-er who has spent time in India can attest to the truth of this statement.

JOHN J. BAKER,
Columbus, Ohio



MEMBERS of the San Francisco chapter of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association recently presented a membership to General Albert C. Wedemeyer (second from right), who served as Commanding General of the China Theater during World War II. Shown above with General Wedemeyer are T. C. Lee (left), Past Commander of the basha at San Francisco; Herb Jackson, Commander; and Raymond Kirkpatrick, National Junior Vice Commander.

Seek Hastings Sergeant

● Does anyone know the whereabouts of Clarence Hoffschauer who was with Base Headquarters, Hastings Mill, Calcutta? He was a T/Sgt. on discharge and in 1949 was living in the Cincinnati area.

JOSEPH C. CASS,
Red River, N. M.

Advocates Tiger Hunt

● An item in the June "CBI Dateline" interested me. In Bhawanipatna (wherever that is!) 36 persons were killed by tigers in the first three months of this year. Some time ago I read an article in the newspaper that indicated hundreds of people are mauled to death by tigers annually in India. I do not understand how the Indian government can allow a situation like this to exist. In a sector of Oklahoma where rattlesnakes abound, the citizens hold an annual rattlesnake hunt during which many thousands of snakes are killed. Why can't the Indians do likewise and thus end the terrible danger from tigers?

KENNETH CLAWSON,
Birmingham, Ala.



NEW ROAD from Peishiyi to Chungking, China, was traveled by many American service men who visited the Chinese capital. Photo by Bob McClure.

40 Years Service

● Am to retire within a few weeks and going to pasture. I am at present at Walter Reed Army Hospital, Washington, D. C., getting a medical check. Have over 40 years service, active duty and reserve time.

OTTO H. REISS, C.W.O.
Concord, Mass.

China Underrated?

● The article "He Fears We Underrate China" (July) is of more than passing interest today. We underrated Russia tremendously and it took Sputnik to awaken us from our complacency. If China should invade India, we may find that we have been underestimating the war potential of the world's largest nation.

ERNEST GROTENIK,
Long Island, N. Y.

Chicago Basha Elects

● The Chicago Basha held a meeting Oct. 23 at Hoe Sai Gai Restaurant and elected the following officers: John A. Carlson, Commander; Menrad Kraus, Vice Commander; William Hendricks, Sr., Finance Officer; Emil Tessari, Provost Marshal; and William Matthiesen, Judge Advocate. Muriel Carlson is president of the Ladies

Auxiliary for the year. The new officers were installed by Harold Kretchmar, National Commander. Our annual Christmas party for our entire families will be at the Hoe Sai Gai Restaurant, 85 W. Randolph Street, Chicago, at 2 p.m. on December 13. The Ladies Auxiliary will serve light refreshments. There will be presents from Santa Claus and entertainment by John Platt, our internationally famous magician.

JOHN A. CARLSON,
Northfield, Ill.

Bhamo Airfield

● Holy cow! Thought I'd pass out from sheer nostalgia when I saw the picture of operations shack and tower at Bhamo airfield on the July cover. First time I'd seen that locale in 14 years and yet it seemed like only yesterday I left there. Believe I studied the picture for a full hour!

JAMES A. HENRY,
Naples, Fla.

India Lamps

● The picture of the unusual lamp made of articles from India (July) is interesting. We had made a pair of table lamps from two 16" engraved India brass vases. They make gorgeous pieces. A friend of ours made a lamp from a huge India axtaba.

MRS. GRACE HOUGER,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

70th Field Hospital

● Anyone who served in the 70th Field Hospital, Merrill's Marauders, who knew Edwin Gregory, kindly get in touch with R. G. Hill, Service Office for Disabled American Veterans, Veterans Hospital, Ann Arbor, Mich.

RUSSELL G. HILL,
Ann Arbor, Mich.



AMERICAN officer, Lt. Clem Beals III, returns the salute of a Chinese sentry. Photo by William E. Main.

Free Press Is on Trial

(Reprinted from *The Quill*)

BY KENNETH ALLEN

Three times I have written this piece on Pakistan and three times I have destroyed my efforts. Besides the limitations imposed by the craft I serve, I sense the presence of a gentle and elderly Anglican clergyman who admonished me to "go home and write the truth," as I attempt to phrase words that will tell something of journalism in Pakistan and tell it truthfully.

To make a judgment on newspapers, even after many months spent poring over them, doesn't serve the whole truth. All well to say that this newspaper is serving only the administration and that one serving the Kremlin. Journalism in Pakistan has too many obstacles that must be understood to get a fuller idea. It has all problems of that new nation, plus some typical only to scribes.

After half a century of clamoring for freedom, the Pakistani haven't been able to make it work. They have discovered that fostering revolution and husbanding freedom require different talents. My best judgment is that the press of that unhappy land hasn't helped the situation much.

Not the least of their problems stems from the geographical position of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan. Consider if you will the consequences that would arise if you were to join politically the Canadian Province of Quebec with the Mexican State of Sonora and proclaim them a new republic. This gives some notion of the enormous tasks facing this eleven-year-old stripling government. A thousand plus miles of hostile India lie between the two parts of Pakistan.

West Pakistan speaks Urdu, eats wheat and is as arid as Mexico. East Pakistan speaks Bengali, eats rice and has in excess of a hundred inches of rainfall

a year. The people are as different in physique, custom and tradition as are the inhabitants of Mexico and Canada. They are united only by the tenuous ties of the Islamic religion and a fierce loyalty to a culture they little know or understand.

The religious tie may be the string that trips this fledgling nation. Islamic shadows have kept a beautifully-worded constitution from working and will have the same blighting influence on any body of law. The Islamic rules of inheritance in eleven years have begun to reduce the size of rice paddies to that of night-club dance floors.

This religious influence is felt in population pressures. Mullahs, the holy men, object to any kind of family planning. East Bengal, where I spent most of my months, is the size of Arkansas but has a population equal to one-fourth that of the entire United States.

Of Pakistan's 76,000,000 population, the 32,000,000 in West Pakistan have six times the land area of Eastern semi-tropical Pakistan. Moslems count for 86 per cent of the population. The remainder includes 10,000,000 Hindus, half a million Christians, and the remainder scattered among Buddhists and Parsees. Four-fifths of the Pakistanis live on the soil. Only a dozen cities number as many as 100,000.

Illiteracy estimates run as high as 90 per cent. Even the educated are suspect. Those who can read and write are still influenced by astrology, palmistry, lucky gems, tea leaf reading and the search for omens and portents.

This, then, is the area in which Pak journalists operate. That they do as well as they do is a matter of wonder, but all effort falls short of American standards. Most of today's journalists got what scanty training they have from the British. Usually the Pakistanis never progressed very far up the reporter's scale.

To compare the Pakistan journalist unfavorably with those of the U. S. is unfair—and untruthful. It is fairer to compare him with other professionals



BEHIND THE BYLINE

The experiences of Kenneth Allen as a guest editor in Pakistan and his appraisal of the status of the press in that two-part country make for interesting and enlightening reading. The author has had many years of journalistic experience, has served in the Idaho State Legislature and is currently active in the U. S. Army Reserve as a captain, assigned to the 419th Civil Affairs Military Government Company, Winona, Minn. His home is at Albert Lea, Minn.

in that divided nation. On this basis, the Pakistani journalist fares a great deal better.

Aside from limited experience and more limited schooling, the Pakistani scribe hasn't the inquisitiveness of Americans. He is too inclined to substitute his opinions for facts. He may distort news because he and his news sources differ in politics or religion. He allows spooks and apparitions to influence him. Moreover, the Pak is too inclined to lay blame for his ills on the Indians or the British.

The Associated Press of Pakistan is a quasi-official agency, subsidized with public funds, sitting astride all news of the world that flows into Pakistan. Much of the news is purchased from Reuters. Only news favorable to the government is allowed to circulate.

The APP sends news to clients in West Pakistan by telegraph, but the same news must be radioed to Dacca for distribution to newspapers of the Eastern province. Communications are uncertain.

Any newsman is likely to have to answer to the police for what he writes. The International Press Institute has documented many such cases. In one instance, a cartoonist, editorial writer and publisher were kept in jail for eighty-three days because of a front page treatment of opinion that government actions were plunging the nation further into chaos. To their credit, Pakistani newsmen protested this treatment of the staff members of the Karachi



AFTER-FAST "TEA" staged by the Chittagong Press Club in honor of an American journalist visitor who conducted a seminar. During Ramzan, true Moslems fast from daylight to dark.

Evening Times. But they haven't succeeded in stopping police intervention.

Even a guest editor isn't immune. I wrote an editorial protesting the building of an atomic electric plant with U. S. funds because (1) the United States didn't know how to build one, (2) the need was so great that the same money would build ten conventional plants, and (3) there was no assurance there would be atomic fuel available to keep the plant running. Next morning the police came. We had tea and a pleasant half hour. But the point wasn't missed. I am sure my mail was opened spasmodically until I sent material to the U. S. via neutral addresses.

There are subtler ways of handling any journalist who might feel the urge to crusade. The government rigidly controls all foreign exchange. A troublesome journalist has little chance of converting enough currency to travel, even if he could get a passport.

A less subtle but effective way of silencing critics is through charges made by APP for service. One night we got a brief bulletin that the United States had attempted to orbit a satellite. The last line read, "United States scientists said it would be an hour before it was known whether the satellite had gone into orbit." This was about 10 p.m. With a 3 a.m. deadline, I was relaxed. But at 2 a.m. I asked the news editor if a follow-up story had been filed. It had not. It was three days later the APP bothered to let us know what had happened to the "Explorer."

I was indignant. It was—and is—my considered opinion that the United States is not getting fair treatment in many Asian newspapers. In this instance I am supported by the front pages of every



PAKISTANI newsmen turn out copy in handwriting, on scrap paper, with ball point pens which are available everywhere. The handset paper, six to twelve pages, is published daily and Sunday, sells for two annas. It is worth one anna as waste paper.

newspaper in northern India and Pakistan. The slightest news of Moscow gets preferential APP treatment and prominence in the newspapers I saw. But the Karachi gang hadn't bothered to file a story about "Explorer."

I demanded that the publisher (and remember I was only a guest editor) make representations to the APP in Karachi. He kept giving me an Oriental brushoff.

About this time we had a visit from the Babur, largest and most powerful ship in the Pakistani navy. Admiral H. M. S. Choudri was to speak to the Rotary Club. I went to the meeting to get a few quotes from the chief of the navy. After the speech, the Admiral's secretary clutched at my mess jacket. The admiral, he said, had learned I was an American newsman. He would deem it a favor if I would send the APP an account of his speech. The admiral had sent his own public relations officer back to the ship when he learned an American newsman was present.

I promised to dispatch a few words to Dacca. Back at the office, I found the lights had failed. By candle light and in a brisk pre-monsoon gale, I put together a story for our own newspaper,



BRICK ROADS—Lacking stone of any kind, East Pakistan builds roads of bricks. Here a crew is putting in a fence of brick that will help to hold surface in place, as sandy soil washes badly in rainy season. At right is a bamboo school for elementary classes.

then condensed the speech into 200 words for the APP. Mostly it was a speech aimed at pointing up the need for maintaining a navy. For three frustrating hours I tried to get APP to take the story and for three hours they pointedly ignored the messages. Finally, I got through by direct telephone and some guy on the other end managed to stay awake long enough to take it down. Every newspaper on our exchange list used the item.

I cornered the publisher and demanded that stern protest be lodged in Karachi. Then I learned the facts of life in modern Pakistan.

"If I protest this, nothing will be done about the news coverage, but my assessment will surely be raised," he explained. And if a copy of this magazine ever gets into APP hands in Karachi, they might still punish my host by raising his assessments. Now that General Mohammed Ayub Khan has control of the country, I am inclined to believe APP would be more tractable. He is notoriously impatient with civilian incompetence.

Of all the Pak institutions I studied, only the military seemed free of corruption, chiseling, nepotism, skull-duggery and plain downright dishonesty. Not all observers will agree with me in this view. With all his good points, the general fails to understand the functions of a free press. This may be a result of being badly handled by native journalists.

It is my judgment that the State Department is doing a poor job in Pakistan. Americans sent out from the United States live apart from the people, don't bother to learn the language, live a kind of nine-to-five paper-shuffling life, and don't really know what is going on. Their after-duty hours are as likely as not to be spent in an officers' club where they meet other English-speaking white people. "Diplomatic incest" an Austrian called it.

But the men of the United States Information Service I met are doing a job that would make any journalist proud. The USIS is earning its own way. One way in Pakistan is the USIS news service. Radio reports from Manila are compiled into mimeograph form and distributed to newspapers next day. It is being used with increasing confidence by Pakistani editors. It has a blind spot. Stories that would be likely to aggravate Indian-Pak relations are blue penciled.

By contrast, some of the "Voice of America" programs border on sheer outrage. Seated in a circle of Pakistanis and Americans deep in the Bengali jungle, we listened to an American broadcast from Manila. After a few words of news about

the troubled political world we were treated to a jolly panel discussion of "The Negro's Place in a Growing Democracy."

In the part of Pakistan where the International Press Institute sent me, there were few Americans. So the USIS asked me to conduct a six-weeks seminar in journalism. I agreed after I was assured it would be useful to our point of view. During that trying period I spent two or three hours each Friday morning facing from twenty to thirty-five young Paks. They are eager to learn, but they are more eager to get the certificate presented at the end of the period. They assessed themselves one rupee each to buy these handsomely printed documents. Then I was told these are practically negotiable. In such a land, a certificate with a gold seal can be exchanged for employment opportunities. I've heard from some of them that they now have a press club, own land and are proposing to train five journalists a year and help them find jobs. A magnificent gesture in a land where most of them won't eat regularly.

The Pakistani has a delightfully disarming instinct for saying exactly what you want to hear, but he doesn't necessarily believe it. Since they speak with an Oxford accent, it is too easy to believe they think as we do—but they don't.

A Pakistani newspaper likely will contain a great deal more editorial opinion than it will facts. The Paks love to argue in their news and have no objections to twisting facts to fit notions.

I learned to love the ordinary Pakistani, though I have a scant regard for the elite of the country. I liked the military men I met. All think that one day they will have to fight India over Kashmir, important to West Pakistan because four principal rivers head there.

"We probably can't whip India," one colonel told me, "but we will give the blighters a run for their money."

If war comes, I would very much like to go with the East Bengal rifles to report what occurs. I wouldn't rely much on the press reports from my Pakistani friends.

Pakistani journalism is like that.

—THE END

The Decline of the Rickshaw

By the Associated Press

KARACHI, Pakistan—The rickshaw is declining and slowly disappearing.

In some places this form of one human pulling another is losing the economic competition to mechanical means of transport. In other places it is being banned by governments.

RICKSHAWS come in two basic forms. The original, which supposedly was invented by a Christian missionary in Japan during the last century, consists of a seat for two over light wheels pulled by a man trotting between long poles. Variations in Himalayan mountain resorts use four or five men to push, pull, or hold back going downhill.

The 20th-century form hitched a bicycle to the front of the seat but still employs human leg power. In some parts of India bicycle rickshaws are brightly painted in elaborate patterns.

The typical rickshaw man is weather-beaten and undernourished. His clothes are rags. Heavy veins stand out on his legs like thick ropes. His feet are callused and cracked. He pants heavily at work.

IN MOST CITIES there is no fixed schedule by which the rickshaw man is paid. Normally, he gets about 5 cents a mile.

Rickshaws have always been used by the Asians themselves. But they remain

in the eyes of national leaders a symbol of Western exploitation of the Easterner. In the wave of freedom movements after World War II there was a demand to abolish this importation of colonialism.

In countries like Indonesia the movement got as far as substitution bicycle rickshaws for some of the runner type. But most rickshaw pullers could not find other jobs.

SOME CITIES, like New Delhi, India, adopted the gradual system of abolition of refusing to license new rickshaw pullers. Only the tired old men still ply the trade.

Karachi moved the other direction in 1948. Horse-drawn carts, called gharries or victorias, were the basic form of cheap transportation when Karachi was a small provincial capital. There were no rickshaws because this is on the Western fringe of the rickshaw zone.

When Karachi became the boom-town capital of Pakistan, more cheap transportation was needed. Bicycle rickshaws were introduced. Now there are about 15,000.

They will be banned April 1. Pakistan said its decision was "guided by expert opinion of health and social welfare authorities that rickshaw pulling is inhuman and injurious to the health of the pullers."

—THE END

What Wonderful Words!

BY RICHARD A. WELFLE, S. F.

Take, for instance, the word 'pukka'. That's the Hindi for 'ripe'. And the direct opposite is 'kachcha', meaning 'green', in the sense of 'unripe'. But those two words 'pukka' and 'kachcha' are so elastic that they can be stretched to cover a whole multitude of meanings. A house, for example, that is well constructed of brick and mortar is referred to as a 'pukka' building, whereas one that has only mud walls and a thatch roof is just a 'kachcha' affair. In the same way a nice paved road is 'pukka', but a rough, dirt road is very 'kachcha'. Likewise, if I enter into a contract with another party, and the terms of the agreement are legally foolproof, I can consider such a contract to be absolutely 'pukka'. If, however, there is merely a gentleman's agreement, and nothing comes of it, there isn't much that can be done about it, for it was only a 'kachcha' arrangement in the first place. Again when I am well pleased with the new half-soles that the cobbler has put on my shoes, I may sing his praises by saying that he has done a 'pukka' job. But, if he has made a mess of them, his work is simply 'kachcha', and I might be tempted to hurl a well-aimed shoe at the cobbler's head. If I should be so rude as to do that, however, the cobbler could hardly be expected to regard me as a 'pukka sahib',—which, being interpreted, means 'a perfect gentleman'. So, I trust you begin to see just what can be done with 'pukka' and 'kachcha'.

But here is another Hindi word that does double duty in perhaps a still more wonderful way. It is just a little fellow with only these three letters: k-a-l (pronounced 'cul' as in culture). The beginner in Hindi is apt to be more than a little bewildered when he looks this word up in the dictionary and discovers that it has two meanings, and that those two meanings are so far from being synonymous that they have a full day between them. I mean to say, that word 'kal' means 'yesterday', and the very same three letters mean also 'tomorrow'. One wonders why the genius who thought that one up did not go all out and make 'kal' also mean 'today', so that it would cover everything, namely 'yesterday', 'today', and 'tomorrow'. Perhaps he figured that he had already created ample confusion by making the same word mean 'yesterday' and 'tomorrow'. But, strangely enough, it doesn't cause any confusion at all, for in any given

instance the correct meaning of 'kal' can always be determined from the context. The only time confusion arises is when a Hindi boy, who is accustomed to using 'kal' for both 'yesterday' and 'tomorrow' in Hindi, gets them mixed up in English, and he writes a 'howler' like this: "Since my uncle did not come tomorrow, I hope he will come yesterday."

Here is another little word of only three letters that deserves honorable mention. The three letters are: t-i-k (pronounced 'teek', and rhymes with 'seek'). During the last world war most of the GIs who were posted in India picked up enough Hindi to say: 'Tik hai', which literally means: 'It is correct'. But 'tik hai' is also roughly the equivalent of 'Okay'. And it was in this sense that the GIs gave it a real workout, and had a lot of fun doing it. But this word 'tik', like 'pukka' and 'kachcha', can be stretched to cover other meanings as well. For instance, when the hands of the clock indicate that it is exactly 12 o'clock noon, in Hindi it is 'tik' high noon. Likewise, if you make a statement with which I entirely agree, I will let you know that it is absolutely 'tik' with me.

Here perhaps is as good a place as any to mention that Hindi is fond of performing a delightful little trick which consists in compounding two words that rhyme, and thereby a nice onomatopoeic effect is often achieved. That is to say, the combination of two such words frequently produces a sound which at the same time suggests the sense of what is meant. Thus, when a thing is upside down, in Hindi it is said to be 'ulta pulta'. Now, if you repeat that expression a couple of times, you can just see that the thing is 'ulta pulta',—something like 'topsy turvy' in English. Likewise, when two things are directly opposite to one another, in Hindi they are 'amne samne'. But if they are right next to each other, then of course they are 'agal bagal', or 'side by side'. Again, if something occurs and I do not see why in the world it should have taken place, I can express my surprise in Hindi by saying that it happened 'jhut mut', which means 'without rhyme or reason'. Similarly, if I hear something so amazing that it leaves me simply dumbfounded, then a mere glance would be sufficient to see that I have become completely 'hukka bukka' in Hindi. And if, in addition, I am altogether confused about the whole thing, then one could also notice that I am in a 'har bar' frame of mind over it. Akin to this compounding of words

that rhyme, is another Hindi trick that consists in repeating the very same word, to produce a different but kindred meaning. The Hindi word for 'day', for instance, is 'roj'. But if I say that same word twice, it of course becomes 'roj roj', meaning 'day by day' or 'every day'. Likewise, 'thora' means a small amount, but 'thora thora' means 'bit by bit'. Again, 'kisshim' means a particular 'kind' of something, but 'kisshim kisshim' means 'of various kinds'. And the word 'bar', if said only once, means precisely 'once', but 'bar bar' means 'again and again'.

It may be mentioned that Hindi is also fond of using words in such a way as to express something quite commonplace in a highly imaginative and colorful manner. For instance, instead of merely stating the bare, drab fact that someone is very hungry, in Hindi it can be expressed much more vividly by saying: 'uske pet men chuha kudata hai', which means 'there is a rat jumping about in his stomach'. That makes the picture much more graphic, doesn't it? Similarly, if a boy is so clever that he is really precocious, with the I. Q. of an adult, this is expressed quite impressively in Hindi, thus: 'uske pet men darhi hai', which, being interpreted, means: 'the lad already has a beard sprouting in his stomach'. Again if someone is a very close friend of mine, I can state this plain fact most intimately in Hindi with the expression 'wah mera nak ka bal hai',—

and that, so help me, means 'he is the very hair of my nose'. Now, I ask you, could anyone be nearer to me than the hair in the nostrils of my nose?

But of all the wonderful words in Hindi, probably the one that is most intriguing is the word 'walla'. This word is used in so many different expressions that it is difficult to determine an exact English equivalent. Probably 'fellow' comes closest to it. For example, the fellow who supplies our bread is the bread 'walla', and the milkman is the milk 'walla', and the butcher is the meat 'walla'. But 'walla' may also refer to some particular 'one', whether it be man, beast, or thing. Thus, if I wish to distinguish a brown shoe from a black one, I may say: not the black one, but the brown 'walla'. Likewise, not the thin guy, but the fat 'walla'. And in the same way, I may describe a nice puppy or kitten as a cute little 'walla'. In fact, there is practically nothing that can not be designated as a 'walla'. Right at this very moment, for instance, it occurs to me that just as I may refer to a man from Bombay as a Bombay 'walla', in the same way a fellow who hails from the town of Walla Walla in the state of Washington is a Walla Walla 'walla'. So, no matter what you may think about the other words that have been mentioned, I feel sure that you will at least agree that this word 'walla' is really a wonderful 'WALLA'. —THE END



MOST READERS who served in Calcutta, India, will remember the Howrah Bridge, shown in this picture submitted by William D. Joyce. The scene is near Howrah Station, point of arrival for men coming into the city from stations along the Bengal-Nagpur Railway. Note the overcrowded trams in background.

Army-Trained Canines of CBI

(From CBI Roundup)

Here's news:

Dog bites man.

Having read all the journalistic text books, the Roundup realizes this is a sharp contradiction of the time-hallowed axiom. But, then, the editor who made the famous observation about man biting dog didn't know that one day there would be such a unit as the CBI War Dog Detachment.

Slim, boyish, 26-year-old Lt. Charles Fallon this week told the Roundup of the functioning of the canine G. I.'s in Northern Burma against the Japanese.

Leader of the unit, largest of its kind in action for the U. S. Army in this war, Fallon was armed with superlatives.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," declared Fallon. "Combat leaders during the North Burma campaign have unanimously lauded the dogs. And as more concrete evidence, they've asked for more."

He described three vivid instances in which members of the detachment earned their special dehydrated horse meat ration and justified the long months of training devoted to them:

"A Jap, armed with a bag of hand grenades, infiltrated into an inner perimeter and, at midnight, had crawled as far as the command post. Fortunately, he stumbled into one of our dogs, chained up near the fox hole occupied by his master, T/5 Delbert V. Armstrong. So grievously did he chew up the Jap that he pulled a grenade from his bag and pulled out the pin against his own chest. The members of the command post, accustomed to night disturbances, didn't learn until morning about their miraculous escape.

"Another time, Pvt. Henry J. McMullen, Jr., led a patrol toward a fringe of woods. His dog gave indication that it contained a force of enemy in greater strength than the patrol. They dropped back and called for artillery fire. Later, it was discovered that the force of Japs, numbering 125, was only 30 yards down the trail from where the patrol turned back.

"Then there was the time a commander knew there were two Jap snipers in an area but couldn't flush them. A patrol was sent out with T/5 Rusty Miszner, whose dog alerted him in a clearing. Miszner judged the Japs were 50 yards away behind a bush and emptied a clip of his tommygun into it. One Jap ran out

and was promptly dropped. Miszner's burst into the bush had killed the other. No one, of course, had seen either of the snipers, but followed the message given them by the dog."

The detachment, a branch of the Quartermaster Remount Service, consists of one other officer besides Fallon—Lt. George G. Miller, Jr., of Denver, Colo., who is the third generation in a family of veterinarians and, according to Fallon, "a damn fine vet."

The dog handlers are enlisted men volunteers, all of whom were aware of the dangers the duty would involve. They trained for at least a year, concluding with a concentrated "commando course," before shipping overseas. Details of the training, of course, are a closely guarded military secret.

"It is needless to point out that the key to success in handling dogs is a genuine love for them," said the lieutenant. "Additionally, a man must have indefatigable patience, the willingness to work long hours at very routine tasks."

A dog in the Army leads a more satisfactory life than a "civilian" dog. He realizes his innate desire to lavish love and affection upon one particular man. He feels that his person is his man, belongs to him alone. As a matter of fact, he is extremely jealous. In civilian life, you spend only a couple of hours daily with your pet. The enlisted men of the detachment spend 16 to 24 hours a day with their dogs and accord them more meticulous care than a blue ribbon winner.

This affection of dog for man is reciprocated to the fullest, related Fallon. His own life is the last thing a handler would lose before he would lose his dog, who has safeguarded him on many an occa-

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sion. Indeed, the lieutenant has seen strong men, proud of their manliness, break down and cry when they thought they would lose their dogs.

All the animals—German shepherds, shepherd crosses, collies and Dobermans—are donations to Dogs for Defense, Inc., a patriotic civilian organization. To qualify, they must be 20 inches tall at the shoulders, more than 50 pounds in weight and from one to five years old. Oddly enough, the mongrels have proven as well disciplined and alert as the pure breds. After the war, the dogs will revert to their original owners, unless they agree to sign them over to their handlers. "And," said Fallon, "I know that most of the men will want their animals."

Fallon, an Artillery officer, came off maneuvers in the United States and was

informed he was one of the Ground Force officers of his division chosen to take the course at, of all places, Cat Island, Miss. Upon its completion, he was to act as an adviser on war dogs to his division commander. He hasn't regretted the move, describing his enlisted men as "the finest type of soldier with whom I've ever served."

Dogs have served in battle for time immemorial. With Julius Caesar and Hannibal and other historical warriors. The U. S. Marine Corps used them at Bougainville and the Army more sparingly in the Southwest Pacific. Fallon's unit is the largest ever shipped overseas, and in their primary duties as points on patrols and as sentries the dogs have proven their worth a hundred times over.

—THE END

Film to Re-Live Marauders' Story

From the Los Angeles Times

By AL THRASHER

The epic of the 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional)—known to glory as Merrill's Marauders—is to be told on film, and Lt. Col. Samuel V. Wilson will have a hand in the telling.

Wilson has come a long way since he emerged from the Burmese jungles in the autumn of 1944, gaunt, feverish and suffering from dysentery, malaria and typhus. But he had traveled a long way to get in that condition, most of it on foot as the leader of an intelligence and reconnaissance platoon sniffing out the Japanese soldiers entrenched in the steamy jungle.

Sam is now head of the Special Warfare Section School at Ft. Bragg, N. D. and is dedicated to the teaching of the guerrilla tactics he learned at firsthand in Burma.

He is quoted in "The Marauders" by Charlton Ogburn Jr., the book from which the script for the Warner Bros. film is being written, on the subject of Indian-style fighting:

"In the next world war, if there is one, we are going to have to rely on Galahad-type forces—small, free-ranging units unhampered by fixed ties with their bases. The massing of armies is out in an era of atomic weapons. And if the giants cut loose and pummel each other into fragments with missiles, what's there going to be left to fight with but

small forces able to wage war without benefit of big industrial bases?"

The "Galahad" reference is from Merrill's Burmese campaign and related efforts, known officially in the Army as Project Galahad.

The script for the movie is under preparation by screenwriter Charles Schnee. Wilson and other members of the marauders have been called on to brief Schnee on the campaign and probably to lend technical advice after shooting begins. Milton Sperling will be the producer.

Wilson, fresh-faced and youthful looking, would never be recognized today as the scarecrow who emerged from the last battles—around the great Japanese airbase of Myitkyina—15 years ago.

In fact, he must look today much as he did when he first volunteered for Galahad in 1943. He is described by Ogburn as being then "a youth ruddy and fair of countenance."

But he still is the very model of the professional soldier and dedicated to the belief that the highly trained, heavily armed small mobile force, able to penetrate or drop behind enemy lines, organize guerrilla bands and conduct warfare without regular supply and direction, is the hope of the future.

As a member of Merrill's Marauders he is anxious to insure that the forthcoming movie is a faithful telling of their agony and of their triumph; a record of a glorious past and a blueprint for the future.

—THE END

A Tribute to Heroes of CBI

Honoring the dead of the CBI Theater, the China-Burma-India Veterans Association has presented a plaque to the Arlington National Cemetery for permanent display in the Trophy Room at the cemetery.

The plaque was presented in a formal ceremony conducted October 31, by National Commander Harold H. Kretchmar of the CBI-VA in conjunction with the Joseph W. Stilwell Basha of Washington, D. C. Participating in the ceremony were the military attaches of the embassies of Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Burma, Nationalist China and Britain.

Delivering the principal addresses were Major General M. Hayaud Din, dean of the military attaches, who led a division of Indian troops in the British armies in Burma during World War II, and National Commander Kretchmar.

The general pointed out that our engagement in the war was the combined effort of several nations against a common enemy and that the losses on both sides were tremendous. He especially cited the losses in Burma, in both lives and property. He suggested that the former comrades-in-arms should combine their efforts for the establishment of a better and more lasting peace.

Commander Kretchmar stated that the heroes who were being honored were not only those who fell in combat but also those who lost their lives in other endeavors, since both were striving toward the same goals and purposes. He stated



FOLLOWING presentation of the plaque at Arlington National Cemetery, National Commander Harold H. Kretchmar (left) was interviewed over Radio Station WWDC in Washington, on the Steve Allison program. Allison (right) is himself a CBI veteran, and has a large listening audience in the Washington, Baltimore and Richmond area.

also that CBI veterans have an obligation to create better understanding and relationship between our people and the peoples of the Far East.

Members of the CBI-VA from a wide area of the country, along with hundreds of spectators, viewed the ceremony. The formal procession, led by the National Commander and the Superintendent of the Trophy Room, included the military attaches and the officers of the Stilwell Basha. The procession moved from the Trophy Room, where the addresses were made, to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of World War II, flanked by a 40-man honor guard from Fort Meyer, Va.

At the tomb, Commander Kretchmar stepped forward and accepted the plaque from a military bearer. Moving to a pedestal before the tomb, he announced that the trophy was being presented by the CBI-VA in memory of the fallen heroes who gave their lives in China, Burma and India during World War II.

Immediately following this ceremony, members of the CBI-VA and the military attaches paid homage at the graves of Generals Joseph W. Stilwell and Claire L. Chennault, two of the most outstanding leaders in the CBI Theater during the war.



THIS PLAQUE is now on display in the Trophy Room of Arlington National Cemetery.

Book Reviews



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

THE TRUMAN-MACARTHUR CONTROVERSY AND THE KOREAN WAR. By John W. Spanier. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, October 1959. \$6.00.

The professor of political science at the University of Florida rounds up the published facts about the President and his general. Both scholarly and interesting.

MAO TSE-TUNG AND I WERE BEGGARS. By Siao-yu. Syracuse University Press, Syracuse, November 1959. \$6.00.

The story of a student friendship between the author and the Communist leader of China in Hunan Province 40 years ago at a time when Mao was beginning to swing toward Communism.

THE COMMUNIST PERSUASION. By Eleutherius Winace. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York, October 1959. \$3.95.

The harassment, regimentation, and humiliation of a Belgian monk and college professor by the Chinese Reds. He is now professor of philosophy at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota.

TWENTY SECONDS TO LIVE. By Elizabeth Land. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, October 1959. \$3.25.

Originally titled "The Biggest Thing in the Sky," this is the story of Air Force Lieutenant James Obenauf, who did what they said couldn't be done—land a crippled B-47 safely by himself.

THE TIGER HOUSE PARTY. By Emily Hahn. Doubleday and Company, New York, November 1959. \$3.50.

A charming, quiet, and intelligent report on the deposed maharajahs and royalty of India, their past splendor, the irony of their present, and the color and contradiction of their last days.

THE LIBERATION OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Samuel E. Morison. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, November 1959. \$6.50.

This is Volume 13 of "The Naval History of World War II," consisting of kamikaze attacks on convoys, Navy support of Philippine beachheads, and the sweep into the China Sea.

FROM PAGAN. TO CHRISTIAN. By Lin Yutang. World Publishing Company, Cleveland, October 1959. \$3.50.

The distinguished Chinese philosopher tells how he was born into a Christian family, lived for a time absorbed in Chinese thought and belief, then returned to Christianity.

THE WAR LOVER. By John Hersey. Alfred Knopf, New York, October 1959. \$5.00.

A novel about the crew of a Flying Fortress stationed in England shortly before D-Day in World War II—the men's fears, feuds, loves, and hopes. And finally, the test of their courage.

TOUR OF DUTY. By Walter J. Sheldon. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, October 1959. \$3.95.

The author, a radio executive stationed in Japan, writes a workmanlike, convincing story of conflict between Japanese and the Air Force in Japan. Fiction, with a sympathetic view of Japan.

GUSTY'S CHILD. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Longmans, Green and Company, New York, September 1959. \$5.00.

The autobiography of the author of "Oil for the Lamps of China" and other books, her life in China as an oil executive's wife, one full of color and adventure, and at times, terrible peril.

ONLY YESTERDAY. By Maria Dermout. Simon and Schuster, New York, September 1959. \$3.50.

Another nostalgic story of life in Java at the beginning of the century by the Dutch author of "The Ten Thousand things." It is a novel of childhood and young girlhood.

THE STREET OF THE LAUGHING CAMEL. By Ben Lucian Burman. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, September 1959. \$3.95.

A laughable little story about a Texas GI who stays in North Africa after World War II and opens a laundry. He loses the laundry, wins a wife, and meets a number of colorful characters.

THE YELLOW WIND. By William Stevenson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, October 1959. \$6.00.

The author, formerly of The Toronto Star and now a reporter for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, gives an account of six years in and around Red China. Twenty-five photographs.

S.O.P.H.I.A. By Pierre Boulle. The Vanguard Press, New York, October 1959. \$3.75.

Another story of Malaya by the author of "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." The characters are the personnel of a large French rubber company. Business bureaucracy in the jungle. Ironic.

Three Insights of Red China

(Reprinted from *Maryknoll*)

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M. M.

It was a check point on the border between Hong Kong and Red China. We were there for several hours. It was our second visit, made to confirm some earlier observations. We watched truck after truck come and go, and always it was the same. The trucks coming from Red China were heavily loaded with goods—a thousand and one different items from radios to imitation fur coats. The trucks returning to Red China rose high on their springs because of their emptiness.

Another day as we sat having lunch on a hotel terrace that looked over the New Territories, we saw two railroad trains on the Kowloon-Canton Railway. The first returning to China went past with all the doors of the freight cars wide-open. There was something pathetic as the train rumbled emptily by, as if a purpose was unfulfilled. A half-hour later another train ground past, this time in the direction of Kowloon. The doors were sealed, and the train labored up the slight incline because of its heavy load.

Only some trucks and a pair of trains. But the lesson was obvious. Dealings with the Communist world were one-sided. The Reds were dumping their slave labor goods on the free-world market. Refugee-crowded Hong Kong had to send its own products to the West. Recognition of Red China by the British meant an agreement all in favor of the Communists. The expected trade never materialized.

The police station sits on top of a high hill overlooking the border. From this vantage point, Hong Kong police can keep watch over miles and miles of border. At the foot of the hill, running down to a river and bordered by a fence capped with barbed wire, are some of the neat farms of the New Territories. Varying in different shades of green, the patchwork of farmlands shows the individuality of the owners. Here and there, farmers worked in the fields.

Across the barbed-wire fence beyond the river, an army of people worked in the communal fields of Red China. There was no individuality there. The earth stretched in a singular brown monotony, unbroken by divisions or separations.

The people labored in a single group, organized and regimented.

Here, too, was a contrast, pointing up the difference between freedom and slavery, between individual ownership and collectivism. The scene held a lesson for the free world—a lesson that needs to be dramatized, and often retold.

The last view was on the waterfront of Macao, in an area where outsiders are rarely permitted. Directly opposite, the Communists were building a tremendous causeway. Thousands of Chinese slaves labored at the project. They covered the causeway like an army of ants. Uniformed and armed guards marched back and forth supervising the work. At regular intervals along the causeway, sentry boxes were manned by additional armed guards. To make escape impossible, a fast gunboat cruised back and forth through the waters near the causeway. Here was the true story behind Red China's material progress, a story of human degradation and slavery.

A few days later some of the slaves rebelled at the hard work. Horrified spectators in free Macao watched a public trial take place in the Communist village on the opposite side of the harbor. Three Chinese kneeling in the village square were the victims. The verdict was not unexpected. The rebellious slaves were shot.

These are but a few brief insights behind the bamboo curtain viewed by this writer within the past several months. Little things in themselves, they reveal the monstrosity that is Red China, a monstrosity we are asked to recognize and sit down with.

—THE END

Tell Your Friends
About
Ex-CBI Roundup

CBI DATELINE

*News dispatches from recent issues of
The Calcutta Statesman*

NEW DELHI—Recent studies and surveys in areas as wide apart as Darjeeling in West Bengal, Khetri in Rajasthan and Kurnool in Andhra indicate the existence in India of rich deposits of copper. The Khetri belt, it is now established, is at least 16 to 20 miles long. On the basis of drilling, the copper ore deposits in a small block of the belt are officially estimated to be as large as 28 million tons.

BOMBAY—A pigeon which as a chick six months ago settled on a Japanese ship when it docked in Bombay has traveled over 14,000 miles on that ship, and is back here. The pigeon flies ashore for a few hours at ports of call, "gets its friends aboard and bids them good-bye just as the ship leaves the shore."

NEW DELHI—A spokesman of the Union Ministry of Commerce and Industry reports that, by 1961, from 93 to 94 per cent of the parts required for the manufacture of a motor car would be produced in India.

DUM DUM—It was reported here by U Thin Han, Burmese Minister for Trade Development, that Burma would supply an additional 150,000 tons of rice to India in the current year. Under the 1956 Indo-Burmese rice agreement, India was to import from Burma three million tons of rice over a period of five years. Burma's commitment was 300,000 tons for 1959 and 350,000 tons for 1960.

DELHI—Production of diesel locomotives is to start in India shortly with the railroad authorities' decision to go ahead with indigenous manufacture in this field, following the achievement of self-sufficiency in steam locomotives. Orders have been placed for 90 diesel locomotives with three Indian engineering firms in collaboration with West German and U. S. manufacturers.

CALCUTTA—A new planetarium, the biggest in Southeast Asia, is to be built in Calcutta by December, 1960. It will be built by the Birla Education Trust at a cost of Rs 20 lakhs. Equipment, including the projector and the 80-ft. prefabricated dome of the building, has arrived from East Germany. The giant spherical dome of the circular building will be shaped

after the famous Buddhist stupa of Sanchi, with stone railings around it. The planetarium will have permanent exhibition galleries, a lecture hall and a library.

NELORE—Mr. Nehru told a public meeting here that he wanted ownership of land to remain with the peasant proprietors—"whether it is service cooperatives or joint farming." He made it clear that under no circumstances would peasants be compelled to take to joint farming. Service cooperatives would be the first step in every village, he said. Then wherever the people wanted they could go to the next step—joint farming.

LAHORE—Thirty-nine smugglers were shot dead by West Pakistani policemen during the last nine months, according to Brigadier S. Khan, Director-General of West Pakistan Border Police. Aircraft and 400 trained dogs will be employed along the Indo-Pakistani border to tighten up anti-smuggling measures.

MADRAS—The new Avro-748 turbo-jet transport aircraft, to be manufactured in India in collaboration with a British firm in Manchester, is expected to be put into operation during the latter half of 1960. The new aircraft will gradually replace the present Dakotas in the country. It will be manufactured in Kanpur where India's second aircraft factory is being built. After meeting the country's needs, India expects to export the new type of aircraft to foreign countries.

GANGTOK—Sikkim is to build next year one of the world's highest suspension bridges over the Rangrang River gorge in north Sikkim. The bridge will have a span of nearly 300 feet, with a depth of nearly 2,000 feet. Highest in Asia, the bridge will link Mangan Bazar in north Sikkim from Phodong Busty up to which point a new motorable road has been built. The road will be ready by 1966.

CALCUTTA—Residents of Burdwan town have asked that something be done about rehabilitation of 100,000 pigeons in the Raj Estate there. The pigeons have lost their homes—said to be a century old—in the palace which has been given by the Maharajadhiraja Bahadur of Burdwan as a gift to the West Bengal Government to house a new university. A wall 100 feet high and 300 yards long, with thousands of holes in it, formerly sheltered the birds but was recently broken down by the new owners of the palace. Driven from their homes, the pigeons are now living on roofs of nearby houses. The pigeons have been an attraction to visitors at Burdwan since several rare species were brought from Kahalgaon, Bihar, nearly 150 years ago.



FOUR Americans in the mountains north of Haiwotze, China, stop to visit with a native of the area. Photo by Bob McClure.

Memory-Hungry!

● Even though "The Flying Tigers and Me" took up an awful lot of the November issue, it was certainly a fine piece of literature for an old "memory-hungry" CBI-er. Spent two years in China with the 14th Air Force and it's too darned seldom that I see anything in newspapers and magazines that remind me of my service days. Haven't seen one man from my old outfit since leaving Shanghai in 1946. Roundup is a wonderful little magazine. Keep up the good work.

JERRY G. DREW,
San Diego, Calif.

Colonel Shallman Dies

● Lt. Col. Morton Shallman, 44, died recently at Fort Hood, Tex., where he was on active duty with the U. S. Army as an oral surgeon. He served during World War II in China with the 13th Medical Battalion and returned to private practice in Chicago at the end of the war. In 1950 he was recalled to active duty. Survivors include his wife, two daughters and a son. He will be remembered by many as a wonderful comrade in arms.
E. J. FEINHANDLER, M. D.
Chicago, Ill.

John Bowler Dies

● Have recently learned of the death on October 26 of John F. Bowler, a CBI veteran and one of your Roundup subscribers. His home was at Ventura, Calif.

CHARLES FANTLE,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Knock on the Door

● Since last year every day has been a challenge. The Old Man knocked at my door. I was there all right, and I thought for awhile he wouldn't give me a furlough. But he did. So don't get old and have a stroke. I note that on November 19th the Old Sarge hit 65. Yike, it doesn't seem possible! Just a yesterday I got mine in the Muese Argonne, and a day or two after I was up on the Hump. Now here I am, an old man. I am very much interested in your meeting next summer. Since every day is a challenge, I made the Legion convention in Minneapolis in August. Marched the 3½ miles and was back to work the next week.

A. K. SERUMGARD, Sr.
Helena, Mont.

*We'll be looking for you
at Cedar Rapids.—Eds.*

National Reunion

● Official dates of the 1960 national CBIVA reunion are August 3, 4, 5 and 6 at Cedar Rapids, Iowa with headquarters at the Roosevelt Hotel. This hotel isn't as large as reunion hotels of the past five years, so "better be safe than sorry" and get your room reservations now. Send them to Reunion Chairman Leo Miner, 2449 Deborah Drive in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or direct to the hotel.

LEO MINER,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa



MEMBERS of the family of the deceased gather around the body on charpoy at burning ghat in Calcutta. Soon after this picture was taken the body was placed on the wood in foreground to be burned. Photo by Joel H. Springer, Jr.



CLOCK tower at West China Union University, which was located at Chengtu, China. Photo by Bob McClure.

Store Manager

● For those who might care, I am now manager of a large Kroger Store here in Kokomo. Sure would like to hear from some of the old gang.

JIM (JAY) FAY,
1914 Windsor Drive
Kokomo, Ind.

Reader's Criticism

● Allow me to castigate you on the November issue. It was the worst. Don't you think it's laying it on just a little heavy to devote 14 pages of a 20-page issue (covers excluded) to one story—regardless of how good you might rate such an article. We didn't think too much of it. Our argument has been—thru the years—that the readers of Roundup are more interested in four or five lines from old CBers than four or five pages of would-be epics whose feature is usually the profuse and prominent display of the pronoun 'I'. However, criticism is only meant to be constructive and the six-page November edition was on a par with most past issues. Always looking forward to bigger and better Roundups.

AL IHDE,
Nutley, N. J.

Sometimes old CBers forget to write.—Eds.

British General Dies

● Major General Thomas Wynford Rees, 55, who led British and Indian soldiers in the battle of Burma, died in London Oct. 15. According to the newspaper article, he was known to his troops as "Dagger Rees." He commanded the 19th Indian division and won fame for his part in the capture of Mandalay from the Japanese. Thought maybe some of the fellows might have known him.

CHARLES LUDEN,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Praise for Scott

● Allow me to congratulate you on publishing General Scott's article, "The Flying Tigers and Me," in your November issue. As I am not a reader of Saga, I would have missed the story had you not reprinted it. This one article is well worth the cost of a year's subscription. General Scott has a message that should reach every American!

R. C. MORRISON,
Omaha, Nebr.

Back From Rome

● Have learned recently that Father Edward R. Glavin, National CBIVA Chaplain, has returned from Europe. He was in Rome for the 100th anniversary celebration of the American College. Our good padre sure gets around. Also learned recently that Bill Ziegler, Past National Commander and this year's recipient of the "most valuable player award" on the CBIVA team, had been ill but now, although running a little slower, is none the less still in the running.

HAROLD H. KRETCHMAR,
National Commander
Maplewood, Mo.



EMBLEM of Gita, at the Birla Temples in New Delhi. Gita is the holy book of the Hindus as preached by Lord Krishna about 5000 years ago to Arjuna the Warrior. Photo by Dushyant V. Patel.



WORKER is shown making bricks near Ramgarh, India.
Photo by George J. Johns.

209th Engineers

● Your June cover picture showing men of the 209th Engineers constructing the Bailey bridge over the Taiping makes me feel young again. Those were the days when we really put in a day's work!

JOHN A. STURGIS,
Meriden, Conn.

Looking for Hohner

● Am trying to obtain the address of an ex-CBler, William G. Hohner from Kansas. We were on shipment No. GS454-A from H Company, 124th Infantry. He is a wonderful fellow and I would appreciate getting his address again.

WM. R. HADDOCK,
1101 So. Evers St.
Plant City, Fla.

Hobbie Tezpur

● Even though the report is negative I thought members of the old 86th Service Squadron, 52nd Service Group, might like to hear the general content of a report I received from the Archbishop of Bangalore concerning Hobbie Tezpur, whom the squadron adopted and later placed in the care of the Archbishop. Apparently he was last heard from in late 1957 when he married and settled down in a communal settlement known as Ooty, which is a district of Vellore, about 100

miles east of Bangalore. Prior to that he ran away from several private schools the church had placed him in, including a boy's battalion. The church also helped set him up in business in Vellore which lasted about a year. The Rev. Thomas Pothacamury has had no word on Hobbie's whereabouts since then, but has promised to try to trace him down. If I receive further word I will pass it on to this column for those who may be interested.

JOEL P. BUFFINGTON,
Auburn, Wash.

November Cover

● I studied the cover picture for November issue, which showed Chinese troops marching toward Lungling in 1944. Wonder how many of those same "kids" were fighting our troops in Korea a few years back?

HARVEY A. SHEMAN,
Springfield, N. J.

Department Officers

● Ohio Department officers of CBIVA for the current year were installed at a meeting on Columbus Oct. 25. They are Howard R. Clager, Dayton, Commander; John E. Thomas, Columbus, Senior Vice Commander; Edward Stipes, Toledo, Junior Vice Commander; Robert Dunbar, Columbus, Finance Officer; Francis Oberhauser, Toledo, Judge Advocate; James Carl, Columbus, Provost Marshal; Louis Beyersmith, Toledo, Public Relations Officer; Everett Bush, Toledo, Chaplain; and Louise Clager, Dayton, Historian. Appointees to assist the Public Relations Officer are Dick Poppe, Cincinnati; John Wilson, Columbus; and Joe Nivert, Youngstown.

HOWARD CLAGER,
Dayton, Ohio



DETONATING a Jap dud on riverbank in China, following raid of August 23, 1944. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M. D.



YOUNG INDIANS walk the rails near Camp Kanchrapara, north of Calcutta. Photo by George J. Johns.

Cover to Cover

● Certainly enjoy the magazine—I read it from cover to cover, and look forward to receiving it every month.

CLARENCE H. SMITH,
Charlevoix, Mich.

"Corn State" Meeting

● I feel sure that the 90 who attended the Carl F. Moerschel Basha get-together on Oct. 24-25 will highly recommend coming to the "Corn State" for the 1960 national CBIVA Reunion. This was also the largest turnout for a fall meeting of our basha. National Commander Harold Kretchmar and National Adjutant Gene Brauer addressed the group, as did Past National Commander Les Dencker. A past national American Legion Chaplain, the Rev. Albert Hoffman of Dubuque, gave the invocation. A banquet, dance, bus tour of Dubuque and a smorgasbord, plus Amana refreshments, highlighted the two-day affair. All Iowa officers were on hand plus Mrs. Carl Moerschel, widow of the CBI veteran after whom our basha is named.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

311th Bomb Group

● Was in the CBI Theater with the 311th Bomb Group, 530th Squadron.

RAY W. SMITH,
Brownsville, Pa.

Cancer Claims CBI-er

● One of the men who went on Roundup's 'round-the world tour to India in 1955 has died of cancer. He was Al Brown of Detroit.

SYLVIA EASTON,
Detroit, Mich.

Ohio Meeting

● On behalf of all Ohio Department members, I'd like to take this opportunity to invite neighboring bashas and anyone in and around Ohio to attend our December 12 Ohio meeting in Toledo. This will be a dinner meeting at Frankies Tavern, 308 East Main Street, East Toledo. Dinner from the menu at 7 p.m., followed by an early-evening business meeting and then whatever social plans they surprise us with.

HOWARD CLAGER,
Commander
Dept. of Ohio

Shebault Passes

● Just received word that Mose Shebault, former clerk in the Signal office at New Delhi, died of pneumonia in September.

CHARLES Z. HOGUE,
Mobile, Ala.

Collector's Item

● One of our sahibs, Emil Tessari, has a set of flags—one is the American flag and the other the Chinese Nationalist—both being the first to be raised and flown at the signing of the liberation of China. He is willing to present them to a recognized collector of such items.

JOHN A. CARLSON,
Commander
Chicago Basha, CBIVA



CHINESE TROOPS crossing Shweli River near Namhkam in January, 1945. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M. D.

Commander's

Message

by

**Harold H.
Kretchmar**

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Ding Hoa:

The end of October and the first part of November were eventful, gratifying, rewarding and a proud period in this busy office I have assumed. Should the balance of my term be drudgery, I will still feel the events which transpired in this brief period have been compensating for any labors, lost sleep and exasperation I might endure. Was forewarned there would be headaches involved in this office but also that there would be compensating rewards. The headaches haven't been chronic but from the standpoint of rewards "my cup runneth over."

On October 23rd, attended the election and installation of officers of the Chicago Basha. This was a wonderful as well as enjoyable affair and it was exhilarating to again be with old friends and to discover new ones. John A. Carlson was elected commander and Bill Hendricks was elected adjutant. I departed Chicago convinced this will be an eventful and progressive year for the basha.

October 24th and 25th were spent as the guest of the Carl F. Moershal Basha of Iowa. As I learned on my last visit to this statewide meeting, these are events which are reunions in miniature. Ray Alderson and his cohorts put on an event which was interesting as well as joyous. Again I had the opportunity to be among friends but this was the first real opportunity I had to get together with Neil Maurer, the editor of this magazine and size him up. Am convinced that we have

much in common and we are both interested in CBIers as those who shared a wonderful experience with us.

The most rewarding event was my trip to Washington, D. C., on October 31st for the purpose of making the presentation of the CBI-VA plaque to the Trophy Room of Arlington National Cemetery. This was one of the proudest moments of my life and I only regret that every CBI veteran wasn't there to participate in it. The ceremony was more than I have ever anticipated, and a full measure of credit is deserved by George V. Selwyn, commander, John F. McGuire, adjutant, and Albert Ginsberg and Col. Hill Murray, past commanders, all of the Jos. W. Stilwell Basha of Washington.

On the evening of the 31st, I and many other CBIers were guests of the Stilwell Basha at a cocktail party at the Pakistan Embassy after which many of the sahibs and memsahibs adjourned to the Peking Restaurant where I appeared on the Steve Allison program over radio station WWDC. Steve is a former Calcutta commando and will soon join our ranks. Report on the presentation went out over Associated Press wire so we did gain some publicity as a result of this visit.

Too, while on this trip I had a chance to talk with Dick Ingles of the Frank D. Merrill Basha of Baltimore and he assured me he would do all possible to stimulate activity within that group. Unfortunately Dick was injured in an auto accident some time ago and hasn't been able to put forth his usual efforts.

On November 14th the national executive meeting was held in St. Louis. At this well attended meeting, several problems vital to our organization were discussed and resolved. Some of the more important issues will be covered in my next message.

Would like to call to the attention of all basha finance officers that the national organization and all bashas are tax exempt under Section 501(c) (4) of the Internal Revenue Code. Under this exemption each unit is required to file Form No. 990 with the District Director of Internal Revenue in the district where the unit is located. This must be done annually. Each basha must determine its fiscal year, preferably to correspond with the term of its officers and returns should be filed for this period.

Urge all bashas to submit a complete list of their current officers to Gene Brauer, P. O. Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wisc., giving the addresses of the commander and the adjutant. Many bashas are now putting out news letters and we would like to have an exchange of these between the units. By this means we may be able to get an exchange of ideas.

HAROLD H. KRETCHMAR,
National Commander

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PYTHON, 12 feet in length, is pictured after eating a jackal. This meal would last him about three weeks. Photo taken at Ramgarh, India, in 1944 by George J. Johns.

Still Enjoying It

● Am still enjoying each issue and you may be assured I will be a subscriber as long as the magazine exists. It is most remarkable in that I fully expected its demise in a brief few years and the quality has improved. My heartiest congratulations, and one of these years I may attempt a contribution.

JEANNE B. HILLEN
Captain, A.N.C.
Mineral Wells, Tex.

CBI Veteran Drowns

● Harold Green, 33, of Hamburg, N. Y., a CBI veteran, drowned late in the summer when his boat capsized after he had aided a fellow fisherman in the choppy waters of Lake Erie. A tow line thrown to a disabled boat tangled in the propeller of his own boat, and a huge wave capsized the boat as he was untangling it. Apparently he was struck on the head by the outboard motor as it turned over. Mr. Green was born in Toledo, Ohio, was graduated from Hamburg High School, and after his Army service was graduated from the University of Denver. Since 1953, he had been a cost accountant for the Republic Steel Co. His wife and two children are among the survivors.

JOSEPH M. OVERFIELD,
Kenmore, N. Y.

Still in Reserve

● Was former transportation officer and commanding officer, 2472nd QM Truck Co., XX Bomber Command, stationed at Kharagpur, India. Also assistant defense counsel for general court of XX Bomber Command. Now in general practice of law in Batesville, Ark., and would be delighted to hear from any of the old outfit. Am now commanding officer of 318th Military Censorship Detachment with rank of major, Army Intelligence, USAR.

CALDWELL T. BENNETT,
Barnett Building
Batesville, Ark.

Looking for Buddies

● Am an Ex-CBI and just ran into a fellow I soldiered with in China. He told me about the magazine... wish I had known about it before. Would like to hear from some of my old buddies of the 14th Air Force.

DARIS E. ZIMMER,
RD No. 7, Williams Rd.
Erie, Pa.

Renewing Acquaintances

● My wife, formerly a nurse with the 73rd Evacuation Hospital and 22nd Field Hospital (her maiden name was Beatrice L. Crisler), and I enjoy every issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. I was a lieutenant with 24th MM Ordnance Co., serving approximately 2½ years in India and Burma. In the past year or so I have had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with my former CO, Capt. Guy E. Warner, Jr., and with Lt. Robert E. Johnson, Lt. Rupert F. Cox, 1st Sgt. James Curry and Sgt. Robert Freeman. Howard Scott, your former staff artist, was a member of the 24th Ordnance MM Co. Would appreciate hearing from former members of the 24th.

ALBERT A. SKARUPA,
933 25th Street
Santa Monica, Calif



RICE farming in Southern Kwangsi Province of China. Photo by William E. Main.

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173

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